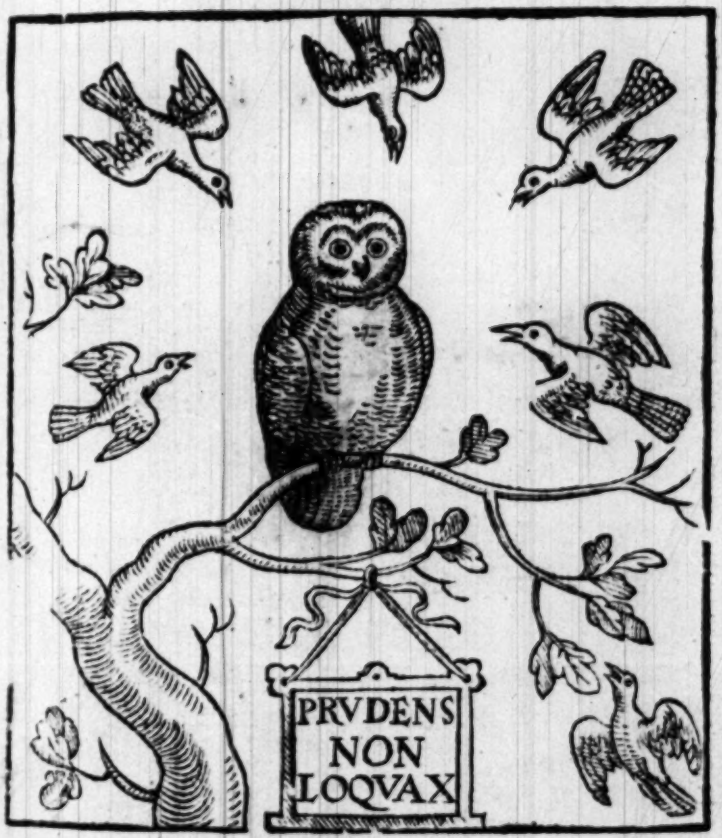
# THE OWLE.

*By Michaell Drayton*
Eſquire.

*Noctuas Athenas.*

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# TO

# THE WORTHY

## AND MY MOST ESTEEMED

Patron Sir *VValter Aſton*, Knight of the
Honorable Order of the
*BATH.*

FOr the ſhrill Trumpet and ſterne Tragick ſounds,
Objects out-ragious and ſo full of feare;
Our *Pen* late ſteep'd in *Engliſh Barons* wounds,
Sent war-like accents to your tune-full eare.
Our actiue *Muſe* to gentler Morals dight;
Her ſlight conceites, in humbled tunes doth ſing;
And with the Bird (regardleſſe of the light)
Slowely doth moue her late high-mounting wing.
The wreathe is *Iuye* that ingirts our browes,
Where-in this Nights-Bird harboreth all the day:
We dare not looke at other Crowning boughes,
But leaue the *Lawrell* vnto them that may.
Lowe as the earth, though our Inuention moue:
High yet as heauen (to you) our ſpotles loue.



*Michaell Drayton.*

# To the Reader.

READER, I thinke it not amiſſe breefely to let thee know, that a yeere is almoſt now paſt, ſince this ſmall Poeme was laſtly finiſhed: At which time (it gaue place by my inforcement) vndertaking then in the generall joye of the Kingdome, and my zeale to his Highneſſe, to write his Majeſties deſcent in a Poeme gratulatorie. And now, for that this ſubject may (perhapes) ſeeme idle and worthleſſe: I might this anſwere (to him that will ſee in reading, or read with vnderſtanding) that the greateſt maiſters in this Arte, (though my ſelfe, not for any affectation of ſingularitie) haue written vpon as ſleight matter. As the Princes of the Greekes and Latines, the firſt of the Frogges warre, the latter of a poore Gnatte: and VIDA verie wittilie of the Cheſt-playe and Silke-worme. Beſides many other that I could recite of the like kinde. By how much immateriall, ſo much the more difficult to handle with any encommiaſtick defence, or paſsionate compariſon, (as their ſtrong teſtimonie) who can giue vertue her due, and by the powrefulnes of witte, maintaine vice not viciouſly. Some other likewiſe in a paradoxicall manner, as ISOCRATES Oration in prayſe of HELLEN whom al the world diſprayſeth: AGRIPPA's declamation vpon the vanitie of the Sciences, which knowledge, all the world admireth. Ths leauing thee fauorablie to cenſure of my poore labours, I ende.

M. DR.

## *In Noctuam* Draytoni.

QVæ noua Lemniacas deturbant tela volucres?
Quis furor aligero perſtringit corpore Graios
Tranſſixo, proceres? Poſita Pæantius irâ
Contulit Herculeas ad Troïca fata pharetras.
Fallimur? an puro tonuit pater altus Olympo?
Aut tremuit ſonitu Phœbæj Cælifer arcus?
Novimus augurium: tanto Deus ille tumultu
Sacrorum exagitat mortalia pectora vatum.
Hinc furor in ſyluas *Draytonum* mittit: oberrat
Hinc ſaltus nullo ſignatos tramite Muſa:
Hinc & in aëriam libratur machina gentem:
Quæ ferit immemores (iterato verbere) reges:
Proterit & Vulgus (audaci more) profanum.
Eia, age: dvm crebrò fugiat tremebundus ab ictu
Immitis ſeruus vitij, decedat aboris
*Anglorum* longè: luſtratis lampade ſancta
Cujus conjuncti exultant fulgore *Britanni*.

*A.* Grenevvay.

# THE OWLE

WHat time the Sunne by his all-quickning power,
Giues lyfe and birth to euery plant and flower,
The ſtrength and feruor of whoſe pregnant ray,
Buds euery branche and bloſſomes euery ſpray;
As the trim ſap the yeerly courſe aſſyg'nde
From the full roote, doth ſwell the plentious rynde,
The vitall ſpirits long nouriſht at the harte,
Flye with freſh fire, to each exterior parte
Which ſtirres deſire in hot and youthfull bloods;
To breath their deare thoughts to the liſtning woods.
With thoſe light flocks the gariſh fieldes frequent,
This trolick ſeaſon luckylie I went,
And as the reſt did, did I franckly too,
„ Leaſt is he marck'd, that doth as moſt men doo.
But whether by ſome caſuall defect,
All Flowers a like the time did not reſpect
Some whoſe new Rootes ne're ſaw a former may,
Flooriſh now fayre, thoſe withered quite away,
Into my thoughts that incidently brings
Th'inconſtant paſſage of all worldly things.

The rareſt worke whereat we wonder long,
Obſcur'd by time that enuie could not wrong.
And what in life can mortall man deſier,
That ſcarſly comm'n, but quickly doth retier:
The Monarchies had time to grow to head,
And at the height their conquered honors fled:
And by their wane thoſe latter kingdomes roſe,
That had their age to winne their howers to loſe,
Which with much ſorrow brought into my minde,
Their wretched ſoules ſo ignorantly blinde,
(When euen the great'ſt things in the world vnſtable)
Clyme but to fall, and damned for a bable.
Whil'ſt thus my thoughts were ſtrongly entertain'd,
The greateſt lampe of heauen his height had gayn'd;
Seeking ſome ſhade might lend content to me,
Loe neere at hand I ſpy'd a goodly tree;
Vnder the'xtenture of whoſe lordly armes,
The ſmall Birds warbled their harmonious charmes.
Where ſitting downe to coole the burning heate,
Through the moyſt pores euap'rating by ſweate,
Yeelding my pleaſ'd thought to content (by chance)
Vpon a ſuddaine drop't into a trance,
Wherein me thought ſome God or power deuine
Did my cleere knowledge wondrouſly refine.
For that amongſt thoſe ſundry varying notes,
Which the Birds ſent from their Melodious throats,

Each

Each Siluan ſound I truely vnderſtood,
Become a perfect Linguiſt of the Wood,
Their flight, their ſong, and euery other ſigne,
By which the world did anciently deuine:
As the old *Tuskans* in that skill profound,
Which firſt great *Car*, and wiſe *Tyreſias* found,
To me bequeath'd their knowledge to diſcry
The depth and ſecrets of their Augury.
One I could heare appoynting with his ſweeting
A place conuenient for their ſecret meeting.
Others, when Winter ſhortly ſhould declyne,
How they would couple at Saint *Valentine*.
Some other Birds that of their Loues forſaken,
To the cloſe deſerts had themſelues betaken,
And in the darke Groaues where they made aboad,
Sang many a ſad and mournfull *Palinod*.
And euery Bird ſhew'd in his proper kinde,
What vertue, nature had to him aſsignde.
The pretty *Turtle*, and the kiſsing *Doue*,
Their faiths in Wedlock, and chaſt nuptiall Loue:
The *Hens* to women ſanctitie expreſſe,
Hallowing their Egges: the *Swallow* clenlineſſe,
Sweetning her neſt, and purging it of dong
And euery hower is picking of her yong.
The *Herne* by ſoaring ſhewes tempeſtious ſhowers,
The Princely *Cocke* diſtinguiſheth the howers.

Diuinatiõ by Birds.

The time whẽ birds couple.

The *Kyte* his traine him guiding in the aire,
Preſcribes the helme, inſtructing how to ſtere.
The *Crane* to labour, fearing ſome rough flawe,
With ſand and grauell burthening his crawe.
Noted by man, which by the ſame did finde
To ballaſt Shippes for ſteddines in winde.
And by the forme and order in his flight,
To march in warre, and taught to watch by night.
The firſt of houſe that ere did groundſell lay,
Which then was homely of rude lome and clay;
Learn'd of the *Martin*, *Philomel* in ſpring,
Teaching by art her little one to ſing;
By whoſe cleere voyce ſweet muſicke firſt was found,
Before *Amphyon* euer knew a ſound.
Couering with Moſſe the deads vncloſed eye:
The little *Red-breaſt* teacheth charitye.
So many that in ſundry things excell,
Time ſcarſe could ſerue their properties to tell.
I cannot judge if it the place ſhould bee,
That ſhould preſent this pretty dreame to mee,
That neare the Eaues and ſhelter of a ſtacke
(Set to ſupport it) at a *Beeches* backe
In a ſtub'd Tree with *Iuy* ouer-growne,
On whom the Sunne had ſcarſly euer ſhone:
A broade-Fac'd Ceature hanging of the wing,
Was ſet to ſleepe whil'ſt euery Bird did ſing.

His

His drowſy head ſtill leaning on his breſt,
For all the ſweet tunes *Philomel* expreſt:
Noe ſigne of joy did in his lookes appeere,
Or euer mou'd his melancholy cheere.
*Aſcalaphus* that brought into my hed, Aſcalaphus in Bubonē.
In *Ouids* changes Metamorphiſed,
Or very like: but him I read aright,
Solemne ot lookes as he was ſlowe of ſight;
And to aſſure me that it was the ſame;
The Birds about him ſtrangely woundring came.
Fye quoth the *Lennet* tripping on the ſpray;
Rowſe thee thou ſluggiſh Bird this mirthfull May,
For ſhame come forth and leaue thy Luskye neſt,
And haunt theſe Forreſts brauely as the beſt:
Take thy delight in yonder goodly Tree,
Where the ſweet *Merle* and warbling *Mauis* bee.
Next quoth the *Titmouſe* which at hand did ſitt,
Shake off this moody melancholy fitt. (trauell
See the ſmall brooks as through theſe groues they
Sporting for joy vpon the Siluer grauell,
Mocke the ſweet notes the neighboring Siluans ſing,
With the ſmooth cadence of their murmuring.
Each *Bee* with Hony laden to the thye,
From Palme to Palme (as careleſly they flye)
Catch the ſoft winde, and him his courſe bereaues,
To ſtay and dally with th'inamored leaues.

This while the *Owle* which well himſelfe could beare,
That to their ſhort ſpeech lent a liſtning eare:
Begins at length to rowſe him in the Beech,
And to the reſt thus frames his reuerend ſpeech.
O all you feathered *Quiriſters* of nature,
That mighty power diſtinguiſh'd euery creature;
Gaue ſeuerall vſes vnto euery one:
As ſeuerall ſeeds, or things that liue vpon;
Some as the *Larke* that takes delight to build,
Farre from reſort amid the Vaſtie field.
The *Pellican* in deſerts farre abroad,
Her deare-lou'd iſſue ſafely doth vnload.
The *Sparrow* and the *Robinet* agen,
To liue neare to the Manſion place of men;
And nature wiſely which hath each thing taught,
This place beſt fitting my content fore-thought,
Though not preſuming in the ſtately Trees,
Yet where fore-ſight leſſe threatning danger ſees,
The tempeſt thrilling from the troubled ayre,
Strikes not the ſhrub the place of my repayre.
The Fowlers ſnares in Ambuſh neuer lay'd
T'intrap my ſteps which often you betrayd.
A ſilent ſleepe my gentle fellow Birds,
By day, a calme of ſweet content affords;
By night I tower the heauen deuoy'd of feare,
Nor dread the *Gryphon* to ſurpriſe me theare,

And

And into many a ſecret place I peep.
And ſee ſtrange things whil ſt you ſecurelie ſleep.
Wounder not Birds although my heauie eies,
By daie ſeeme dim to ſee theſe vanities.
„ Happie's that ſight the ſecret'ſt things can ſpye,
„ By ſeeming blinde vnto communitie;
„ And bleſt are they that to their owne content,
„ See that by night that ſome by day repent.
Did not mine eyes ſeeme dim to others ſight,
Without ſuſpect they could not ſee ſo right.
„ O ſillie creatures, happie is the ſtate,
„ That wayes not pittie, nor reſpecteth hate:
„ Better's that place though homely and obſcure,
„ Where we repoſe in ſafety and ſecure,
Then where great Birds with Lordly Tallents ſeaze
Not what they ought but what their fancies pleaſe:
And by their power preuailing in this ſorte,
To rob the poore, account it but a ſporte:
Therefore of two I choſe the leſſer euill,
„ Better ſit ſtill then riſe to meet the Deuill.
Thus the poore *Owle* vnhappily could preach.
Some that came neere in compaſſe of his reach,
Taking this *Item* with a generall eare,
„ A guilty conſcience feeles continuall feare.
Soone to their ſorrow ſecretly do finde,
„ Some that had winck'd not altogether blinde.

Celius: Secure vidit qui ſum omnia nouit opinionem tamen. &c.

Eraſ. Cui plu. licet quam par eſt, &c.

And

And finding now which they before had heard,
„ Wiſdome not all, in euery gariſh Bird,
Shrewdly ſuſpect that breuyting by night,
Vnder pretence that he was ill of ſight,
Slylie had ſeene which ſecretly not kept,
Simply they waked; he ſubtilly had ſlept,
The enuious *Crow* that is ſo full of ſpight,
The hatefull *Buzzard*, and the rauenous *Kite*.
Plinie. The greedy *Rauen* that for death doth call,
Spoyling poore Lambs as from their Dams they fall,
That picketh out the dying creatures eye;
The theeuiſh *Dawe* and the diſſembling *Pye*,
That onely liue vpon the poorers ſpoyle,
That feede on Dung-hilles by the loathſome foyle.
The *Wood-pecker* whoſe hardned beake hath broke,
And pearc'd the hart of many a ſollid Oke.
That where the Kingly *Eagle* wont to pray
In the calme ſhade in heate of Summers day;
Of thouſand of faire Trees there ſtands not one
For him to pearch or ſet his foote vpon.
And now they ſee they ſafely had him here,
T'eſchew th'effect of euery future feare.
Vppon the ſuddaine all theſe murdrous fowle,
Faſten together on the harmeles *Owle*.
The cruell *Kyte* becauſe his clawes were keene,
Vpon his broad-face wreaks his angry teene.

His

His weaſant next the rauinous *Rauen* plyes,
The *Pye* and *Buzzard* tugging at his eyes.
The *Crow* is digging at his breſt amaine;
The ſharp-nebd *Hecco* ſtabbing at his brayne,
That had the *Falcon* not by chanſe bene neere,
That lou'd the *Owle* and held him onely deere;
Come to his reſcue at the preſent tyde,
The honeſt *Owle* vndoubtedly had dyde.
And whilſt the gentle Bird doth yet purſue,
The ryot done by this rebellious crue,
The leſſer Birds that keep the lower ſpring,
There-at much greeue with wofull murmuring,
Yet wanting power to remedy his wrongs,
Who tooke their liues reſtrained not their tongues:
The *Larke*, the *Lennet*, and the gentler ſorte,
Thoſe ſweete Muſitions, with whoſe ſhrill reporte,
The ſenceles woods, and the obdurate rocke,
Haue oft bene moou'd, the warbling *Throſtle* Cocke,
The *Ouſell*, and the *Nightingale* among
That charmes the night calme by her powerfull ſong,
In *Phœbus* Lawrell that do take delight,
Whom Ioues fearce thunder hath no power to ſmite.
Iuſtice ſay they, ah whether art thou fled?
Or this vyle world, haſt thou abandoned?
O why fayre vertue wer't thou made in vaine?
Freedome is loſt and libertie is ſlayne:

The naturall loue of the Falcon to the Owle. *Plinie.*

Whylſt ſome whoſe power reſtrained not their rage,
Loudly exclaime vpon the enuyous age
That rockes for pittie doe reſume them eares,
The earth ſo wep'd with plentie of their teares.
But thus it haps in heat of all theſe things,
„ As Kings rule Realms, God rules the harts of Kings.
The Princely *Eagle* leauing his abode,
Was from his Court ſtolne ſecretly abrode,
And from the couert, cloſely where he ſtood,
To finde how things were cenſured in the wood;
Farre in the thickets might a chattring heare,
To which ſoone lending an officious eare,
With a ſtill flight his eaſie courſe doth make
Towards where the ſound he perfectly doth take.
At euery ſtroke (with his Imperiall wings)
The gentle ayre vnto his feathers clings;
And through his ſofte and callow downe doth flowe,
As loath ſo ſoone his preſence to forgoe,
And being at laſt arryued at the place
Where the poore *Owle* in miſerable caſe
(For whome much ſorowe euery where was heard)
Sadly bemoan'd of many a helples Bird.
But when this Princely Iouyall Foule they ſawe,
As now deliu'red from their former awe:
Each little creature lifted vp a wing,
With *aue Cæſar* to their ſoueraigne King.

Who

Who ſeeing the *Owle* thus miſerablie forlorne,
Spoyl'd of his feathers, mangled, ſcratcht and torne;
Wil'd him his name and qualitye to ſhowe,
How and wherefore he ſuffred all this woe.
Which the *Owle* hearing, taking hart therby,
Though ſomwhat daunted with his pearcing eye,
(with a deep ſigh) my ſoueraigne Leidge quoth he,
Though now thus poore and wretched as you ſee,
*Athens* ſometime the Muſes Nurcerie,
The ſource of Science and Philoſophie,
Allow'd me freedome in her learned Bowers,
Where I was ſet in the *Cecropian* towers;
Armed *Bellona* (Goddeſſe of the field)
Honor'd my Portraict in her war-like Sheild.
And for my ſtudie (of all other Fowle)
To wiſe *Minerua* chalenged the *Owle*.
For which, thoſe graue and ſtil-autentique Sages
Which ſought for knowledge in thoſe golden ages,
Of whome we holde the ſcience that we haue;
For wiſdome, me their *Hiroglifique* gaue.
The frutefull *Ceres* to great *Saturn* borne,
That firſt with Sickle cropt the rip'ning Corne,
That bore the ſwartye Acheron, whoſe birth
Scarſely yet perfect, loathing of the earth,
And flying all communitie with men,
Thruſt his blacke head into the *Stigian* fen;

Where the Nymph *Orphne* in th'infernall ſhade,
As in his ſtreame ſhe careleſly did wade:
The flood Imbracing craftily beguilde,
By whom ſoone after ſhe conceau'd with childe,
Of her deare ſonne *Aſcallaphus*, whoſe youth
So cheriſh'd Iuſtice, and reſpected truth;
As to the Gods he faithfully did tell,
The taſted fruit by Proſerpine in hell:
Which an offence imagined ſo fowle,
*Ceres* transform'd into the harmeles *Owle*.
To our diſgrace though it be vrg'd by ſome,
Our harmeles kinde to Creet doth neuer come;
The Cretans euer lyars, nor come we thether,
For truth and falſhood cannot liue together.
And thoſe that ſpurne at our contented ſtate,
With Viperous enuie and degenerate hate;
Striue to produce vs from that Lesbian bed,
Where with blinde luſt the fleſhly letcher led
On his owne childe, vnnaturally to praye,
(For that fowle fact) transform'd *Nyctimene*,
But ſeldome ſeene vnto the publique eye,
The ſhreeking *Litch-Owle* that doth neuer crye,
But boding death and quick her ſelfe interres,
In darkſome graues and hollow ſepulchers.
Thus much my Soueraigne whence my fathers came.
Now for the cauſe of this my preſent ſhame,

Ouid. Metam. Lib. quinto.

Ouid. Metam. Libr. Secund.

„Few

„ Few words may ſerue a miſchiefe to vnfolde,
„ For in ſhort ſpeech long ſorrow may be tolde.
But for my freedome that I vſ'd of late,
To lanch th'infection of a poyſoned ſtate,
Wherein my free and vncorrupted tongue,
Lightly gaue taſte of their injurious wrong.
The *Kyte*, the *Crow*, and all the Birds of pray,
That thy Liedge people hauock night and day;
Ruſhing vpon me, and with foule deſpight,
Thus haue they dreſt me in this piteous plight.
The *Eagle* now a ſerious eare that lent,
To the religious and deuout intent,
Of the good *Owle*, whom too injurious fate
Had thus rewarded; doth commiſerate
The poore diſtreſſed Bird, hoping to heare
What all the reſt through negligence or feare,
Smothred in ſilence, and had buried ſtill,
Couering the ſore of many a feſtred ill,
Not onely grants him libertie of ſpeech,
But further dayning kindly to beſeech,
The vertuous Bird no longer to refraine.
Who thus emboldned by his Soueraigne,
At length his ſilence reſolutely brake,
And thus the Eagles majeſtie be-ſpake.
Mightie, ſaid he, though my plaine homely words,
Haue not that grace that eligance affoords.

Truth of it ſelfe is of ſufficient worth,
That needs no gloſſe of arte to ſet it forth.
Theſe hoary plumes like moſſe vpon that Oake,
By ſeeing much, yet ſuffring more I tooke.
Long haue I ſeene the worlds vnconſtant change,
Ioy mooues not me, affliction is not ſtrange.
I care not for contempt, I ſeek not fame,
Knowledge I loue, and glory in the ſame.
Bartas. Th'ambicious judgement ſeat I neuer ſought,
Where God is ſolde for Coyne, the poore for nought.
I am a helples Bird, a harmles wretch,
Wanting the Power that needfull is to teach.
Yet care of your great good and generall weale,
Vnlocks my tongue, and with a feruent zeale
Breakes through my lips which otherwiſe were pent
Pithagor. To that ſeuere Graue *Sammites* document.
I knowe before my harmles Tale be tolde,
The gripple Vulture argues me to bolde.
The *Cormorant* (whome ſpoyle cannot ſuffiſe)
Stickes not to charge and ſlander me with lyes.
The *Parrot* taxe me to be vainly proud,
And all crye ſhame the *Owle* ſhould be allow'd,
Which with this *Axiome* doth them all confute,
„ When Kings bid ſpeake what ſubject can be mute?
The lateſt winter that fore-went our prime,
O mightie Prince, vpon a certaine time

I got

I got into thy Pallace on a night,
There to reuiue my melancholy ſpright,
And there (for darknes) wayting all alone,
To view (by night) what Lords by day looke on,
Where I beheld ſo many Candles light,
As they had mock'd the Tapers of the night.
Where for it grew vpon the time of reſt,
And many; great ſinceritie profeſt,
Expecting prayer ſhould preſently proceed;
To aske forgiuenes for the dayes miſdeed,
There in ſoft Downe the liquerous *Sparow* ſat,
Pamper'd with meats, proud, inſolent and fat.
His Drugs, his drinks, and ſirrops doth apply,
To heat his blood and quicken luxury;
Which by his billing female was imbrac'd,
Claſping her wings about his wanton waſte.
O God thought I, what's heere? by light within,
Where ſome in darknes ſhould haue fear'd to ſin.
The *Cormorant* ſet cloſely to deuiſe
How he might compaſſe ſtrange Monopolies.
The gawdy *Gold-finch* and his courtly mate,
The iolly *Bunting* power-full in the ſtate,
Quickly agreed, and but at little ſtick;
To ſhare a thouſand for a Biſhoprick,
And ſcramble vp ſome feathers from the *Larke*;
What though a Paſtor and a learned Clarke?

Mantuan Bardocu-latus ca-put, &c.

And for his reuerence though he weare a Cowle,
Yet at his entrance he muſt pay them towle.
I ſaw a *Buzzard* ſcorning of the blacke,
That but of late did cloath his needy backe
With Oſtridge feathers had adorn'd his creſt,
As he were bred a *Faulcon* at the leaſt.
Thus ſtrouts he daily in his borrowed plume
And but for ſhame he bouldly durſt preſume,
With Princely Eglets to compare his ſight:
Not the proud *Iris* in her coullers dight,
Could with this baſe *Kyte* equally compare,
What Fowle before him ſtood not humbly bare?
Noe leſſe then Lords attending euerie beck,
At his commaund his betters brooke his check.
But O my Liedge, the Birds of Noble race,
Knowe whence he is and who affoords him grace,
And inlie greeue to ſee a ſeruile mate,
Crept vp by fauour to out-braue a State.
The poore Implumed Birds that by offence,
Or ſome diſgrace haue loſt preheminence:
Can poynt and ſay, this Feather once was mine:
Some winck, ſome would, ſome greeue, & ſome repine
Beſides all this, I ſaw a Bird did ſcower,
A Serpents teeth that daily did deuoure,
Widdowes and Orphanes, yet th'Egiptian Sawes,
Commend this Bird for clenſing Serpents Iawes.

For

For the baſe *Trochyle* thinketh it no paine, Trochilus Auis Plini.
To ſcowre vile Carion for a ſauorie gaine.
When ſoone I ſawe about the Serpents neſt,
Whil'ſt this ſlaue Bird his naſtie grynders dreſt.
A thouſand little Flyes, as many Birds,
Of labouring Bees, a thouſand thouſand heards,
A thouſand ſundry Foule, that ſtrangely carp
And curſſe that beake that made his goomes ſo ſharp.
Yet in this baſe Bird I might well diſcry,
The proſperous frute of thriuing Policy.
Caſting mine eye and loking through a glaſſe,
I ſaw a *Gos-hawke* (that in ſtate did paſſe)
That by faire ſhowes did mens affections feele,
Golde (his attendant) alwayes at his heele.
Whole Mannors did him reuerence as he ſtaid,
Whoſe name (if written) could poſſeſsion plead
In any Lordſhip that adioyned his:
Lawe was his vaſſall, he and purchaſe kis.
Zeale was his foole, and Learning was his ieſter,
Pride was his page, and Gluttony his taſter.
A thouſand ſuters wayted at his hand,
Some call'd his honor Patrone of the Land;
The ſole commaunder of the Common-weale,
And vnto him they humbly all appeale.
When in a Cloſſet ſtrangely I beheld,
That was adioyning to a pleaſant field,

How euery ſuter when he was rety'rd
Bought out his peace, or his promotion hy'rd;
Yet what he wonne with curſſes was rewarded,
When the poore Birds for bribes alone regarded.
To th'ſecret of all ſecrets when I came,
Hauing mine eyes euen glewd with griefe and ſhame.
I tell not how the Vulture ſat apart,
Spending the blood and marrow of his hart,
And by all meanes his facultyes t'apply,
To taynt the *Phœnix* hy his ſurquedry,
That of her kinde had ſhe bene more then one,
(Parent and Infant to her ſelfe alone)
This heauenly Bird (in touching their defame)
Had had her purple ſoyled with their ſhame.
And for the *Turtle* would not be vnchaſte,
Her did they baniſh to the barren waſte.
I dare not ſay how euery ſorte were ſerch'd,
Nor dare I tell how Auarice was perch'd
Vnder the pillow of the graueſt head,
(That freedome with the golden world is dead)
How age had caſt off a religious life,
Humor of late become opinions wife.
Counſaile ſecure, nor Companies with care,
The wit that woundeth zeale, accounted rare.
But whether wandreth my hye rauiſh'd Muſe?
O pardon Leidge the feirce exclaymes I vſe;

Claudian: de Phœnice.

And

And let my Barque(through gales of your good grace,
Through theſe rough Seas)bear ſayle a little ſpace.
Scarſe had theſe words found vtrance through my lips
But ther-withall a pratling *Parrot* skips
About the priuate lodging of his Peeres,
His eyes were watchfull,open were his eares.
He had a tongue for euery language fit,
A cheuerell Conſcience,and a ſearching wit.
Comming in haſte as he had croſt the Mayne,
And brought ſome ſtrange intelligence from *Spayne*,
Yet euen at mid-night (for the Rogue was poore)
I found him knocking at a great mans doore;
And where of courſe the wiſe are turnd away,
His errand brooks no dilatorie ſtay,
But preſently conducted(by a light)
Into a Chamber very richly dight,
Where ſate the Vulture with a dreadfull frowne,
Proud and ambitious,gaping for renowne:
His Talents red with blood of murthered foules,
His full eye quickly euery way controules.
Which when this *Parrot* ſtedfaſtly beheld,
His feathers briſled and his ſtomack ſweld;
And to the Vulture openeth where he ſat,
(Whoſe eares attentiue liſtning ſtill therat)
The ſtate and hauior of each priuate man,
Layd out for ſearching Auarice to ſcan.

Whereby ſtrict rule and ſubtilties in art,
Such traps are ſet, as not a man can ſtart.
And where th'offenders maintenance was great,
Their working heads they buſily doe beat,
By ſome ſtrange quiddit or ſome wreſted clauſe,
To finde him guiltie of the breach of lawes,
That he this preſent iniury to ſhift,
To buye his owne, accounts a Princely guift.
And for a cloake to their corrupt Decrees,
The Vulture with this ſubtill Bird agrees;
That they that thus conuicted are aparte,
Shall be ſurpriz'd by policy and arte.
Then picke they forth ſuch theeues as hate the light,
The black-ey'd *Bat* (the watch-man of the night)
That to each priuate family can prie,
And the leaſt ſlip can eaſily diſcrie;
And ſince his Conſcience is both looſe and large,
Is onely ſet to vnder-goe this charge;
Adreſt to drinke of euery priuate Cup,
And not a word ſlips but he takes it vp.
To miniſter occaſion of diſcourſe,
And ther-with-all, ſome dangerous Theame in-force,
To vrge a doubtfull ſpeech vnto the worſt,
To broach newe treaſons and diſcloſe them firſt;
Wher-by him-ſelfe ſtill cleeres: and vn-awares
Intraps the Foule, vnskilfull of theſe ſnares.

And

And (againſt Law) he beares his Lords Protection,
As a fit meane, and by the Sates direction.
O worthy Birds, preuent this ill in time,
And ſuffer not this rau'nous *Bat* to climbe;
That is occaſion of the beſts offence,
The brat of ryot and of indigence,
The moath and canker of the Common-weale,
Bred by corruption to diſquiet zeale.
Holla thou wandring Infant of my brayne,
Whether thus fling'ſt thou? yet diuert thy ſtrayne;
Returne we backe vnto our former gate,
From which a little we digres'd of late,
And leaue this monſter beating of his head,
The honeſt *Owle* hath quickly ſtroke him dead.
And forth againe the *Parrot* let vs finde,
That winning credit ſo the world doth blinde,
Vnder protection of ſo dread a hand,
Spoyles families and ranſacketh thy land.
The *Pellican* that by his fathers teaching,
Hath with deuout zeale folowed wholſome preaching
That rent his boſome and inforc'd his toung,
To teach his tender and beloued young,
When now theſe fauters of all vyle abuſe
Haue found a ſtand where they may note his vſe,
How father-like he giues affliction bread,
Conuerting ſoules; through blind-folde error led.

The naked Orphan in his boſome wraps,
With the poore Widowe doth bewaile her haps;
And neuer reaps his plentious field ſo cleane,
But leaues his harueſt that the poore may gleane;
Steps in this falſe ſpye, this promoting wretch,
Cloſely betrayes him that he giues to each:
And for his deeds of charitie and grace,
Roots vp his godly Hoſpitable place.
Moſt like to that ſharp-ſighted *Alcatras*,
That beates the aire aboue the liquid glaſſe:
The New-worlds Bird, that proud Emperious fowle,
Whoſe dreadfull preſence frights the harmeles *Owle*:
That on the Land not onely workes his wiſh,
But on the *Ocean* killes the flying fiſh.
Which ſince the *Owle* hath truely done his arrant,
O Princely *Eagle* looke vnto this tyrant:
But if my words thou wilfully impung,
Thy peacefull Empyre that hath floriſh'd long,
Head-long at length ſhall to confuſion runne;
As was this great globe ere the world begunne:
When in an huge heape and vnweldie maſſe,
This All was ſhut and nature ſmothered was.
And in this Lumpe and Chaos out of frame,
The contraries conuerſ'd and one became,
Strictly together th'Elements were claſp'd,
And in their rough hands one the other graſp'd:

The Alcatras.

That

That each did others qualitie deface,
Beautie was buried, light could finde no place.
But when th'al-ſeeing Soueraigne did diſperſe,
Each to his place vpon the vniuerſe,
To his owne region and his contrarie;
Enuy'd his place, impung'd his qualitie.
Fyer, Aire, Earth, Water, in their Mantion ſate,
By that great God to them appropriate.
All is compoſ'd within this goodly roome;
A perfect ſhape this Embryon is become:
Which thus diſſeuered by their friendly jarres,
Contriue the worlds continuance by their warres.
So in confuſion members are incloſd,
To frame a ſtate if orderly diſpoſ'd:
For to the proud maleuolent aſpect,
Of angry *Saturne* that would all direct,
The long exiled but Impierous Ioue,
When for his regal Soueraigntie he ſtroue,
With god-like ſtate and preſence of a King;
Calmes *Saturnes* rage, his furie limmiting.
But leaue we theſe vnto their owne decay,
Other occaſions haſten vs away:
Let Princes viewe what their poore ſubjects trye;
„ Blinde is that ſight, that's with anothers eye;
It is full time that we ſhould get vs hence,
O mightie Soueraigne Oceans of offence,

Stand

Stand here oppoſed in my paſsing by,
When in a chamber nere thy Majeſtie
A ietting *Iaye* accompliſhed and braue,
That well could ſpeake, well could him-ſelfe behaue;
His Congeis Courtly, his demeanor rare,
As ſtrangely faſhion'd as his clothes he ware;
Which could each man with complement ſalute,
And to the *VVood-Cocke* fram'd a ſpeciall ſute.
Who him imbracing like a braineles foole,
Deſir'd him ſit, commaunding him a ſtoole.
The iolly *Iaye* thus graced by a Peere,
Pluckes vp his ſpirits, and with a formall cheere
Breakes ther-with-all into moſt ſtrange reportes,
Of Flemiſh newes, ſurpriſing Townes and Fortes.
Of troubles rais'd in France againſt the King,
Spaniſh Armadoes and embattailing,
Proteſting method in Intelligence
To be a thing of mightie conſequence;
And pawnes his ſoule, he can deuiſe a way,
Which put in acte, the Leaguers looſe the day.
To frame a Bridge of Bowe-ſtring or'e the *Rhine*,
Supplant the *Alps* and lay them ſmooth and plaine.
And that if all the Princes of the North,
Will with an armye-Royall ſet him forth,
Before the yere expyr'd that is to come,
Comines. He will with *Burbon* newe be-leaguer *Rome*.

Then

Then of his knowledge in the Cabaliſt,
And what pertaines vnto an Exorciſt.
Then of *Philacters* what their vertue be,
*Homers Nepenthe* and of his degree;
Each ſeuerall vſe in practique what it is;
How much he wants that doth theſe ſecrets miſſe,
And by ſome little piller in the place,
To giue ſome Window or ſome Chymnie grace,
Now to proportion preſently doth run,
And talkes of the Colloſſus of the Sun;
Of Columes the *Diameters* doth tell,
Euen from the Baſe vnto the Capitell.
And by the Roofe he ſomething doth allude,
And will demonſtrate of the Magnitude.
And what is all this from his addle pate?
But like a *Starling* that is taught to prate;
And with a liſping garbe (this moſt rare man)
Speakes *French*, *Dutch*, *Spaniſh*, and *Italian*.
No day doth paſſe, he doth his compaſſe miſſe,
To ſend to that Lord, or to viſit this;
And kiſsing of his clawe, his Cox-combe bare,
Is come to ſee how their good graces fare.
And preſently vnto their face reports,
Their rare perfections woundred at in Courts;
Scratching the Ideot by his itching eares;
Heauens ſpit downe vengeance or diſſolue in teares,

The Bird Ibis, a deſtroyer of the locuſt. Plinie.

And ſend the *Ibis* to repulſe our ſhame,
To driue theſe *Locuſts* to whence firſt they came.
Woe to theſe ſlaues whoſe ſhape the deuill tooke,
To tempt the holy *Eſay* at his booke.
O morall *Mantuan* liue thy verſes long,
Honor attend thee and thy reuerend Song.
Who ſeekes for truth (ſay ſt thou) muſt tread the path
Of the ſweet priuate life, which enuies wrath,
Which poys'ned tongues, which vaine affected praiſe
Can-not by ſcorne ſuppreſſe, by flattery raiſe.
For Adulation but if ſearch be made,
His dayly Manſion and his vſuall trade,
Is in the Monarchs Court, in Princes Halles,
Where Godly zeale he by contempt inthralles.
There calles he euill good, the good tearmes euill,
And makes a Saint of an incarnate deuill.
Theſe boldely cenſure and dare ſet at nought,
The nobleſt wit, the moſt Heroique thought.
This Carion *Iaye* approaching to the ſpring
Where the ſweet Muſes wont to ſit and ſing,
With filthy ordure ſo the ſame defyl'd,
As they from thence are vtterly exyl'd.
Baniſh their iſſue, from whoſe Sacred rage
Flowes the full glory of each plentious age.
Still with the Prophets chalenging their partes,
The ſweet Companions of the Liberall Artes.

Thoſe

Thoſe rare *Promethij* fetching fire from Heauen;
To whome the functions of the Gods are giuen,
Rayſing fraile duſt with their redoubled flame,
Mounted with Hymnes vpon the wings of Fame;
Ordayn'd by nature (Truch-men for the great)
To fire their Noble harts with glorious heat.
You Sun-bred Ayerie, whoſe immortall birth
Beares you aloft beyond the ſight of earth,
The heauen-tuch'd feathers of whoſe ſprightly wings,
Strikes (from aboue) the Pallaces of Kings,
By how much neerer you aſcend the Skye,
Doe leſſen ſtill to euery mortall eye;
Who in this time contemptfull greatnes late
Scorn'd and diſgrac'd which earſt renown'd her ſtate.
O baſterd mindes vnto this vylenes brought,
To loath the meanes which firſt your honors wrought
But who their great profeſsion can protect,
That rob them ſelues of their owne due reſpect?
For they whoſe mindes ſhould be exhal'd and hye,
As free and noble as cleere Poeſye,
In the ſlight fauour of ſome Lord to come,
Baſely doe crouch to his attending grome.
Immortall guift that art not bought with golde!
That thou to peaſants ſhould be baſely ſolde!
And thus euen cloy'd with buſines of the Court,
To neighbour Groues inuyting my reſort,

Where I ſuppos'd the ſolitarie *Owle*
Might liue ſecure vnſeene of any Fowle;
Loe in a valley peopled thick with trees,
Where the ſoft day continuall Euening ſees,
Where in the moyſt and melancholy ſhade,
The graſſe growes rancke, but yeelds a bitter blade,
I found a poore *Crane* ſitting all alone,
That from his breaſt ſent many a throbbing grone;
Groueling he lay, that ſometime ſtood vpright;
Maim'd of his joynts in manie a doubtfull fight.
His Aſhie coate that bore a gloſſe ſo faire,
So often kiſ'd of the enamored aire;
Worne all to ragges and fretted ſo with ruſt,
That with his feete he troad it in the duſt:
And wanting ſtrength to beare him to the ſprings,
The ſpyders woue their webbs euen in his wings:
And in his traine their filmie netting caſt,
He eate not wormes, wormes eate on him ſo faſt.
His wakefull eies that in proud foes deſpight,
Had watch'd the walles in many a Winters night,
And neuer winck'd nor from their obiect fled,
When heauens dread thunder ratled ore his head,
Now couered ouer with dimme cloudy kelles,
And ſhruncken vp into their ſlymie ſhelles.
Poore Bird that ſtriuing to bemoane thy plight,
I cannot do thy miſeries their right;

Per-

Perceiuing well he found me where I ſtood,
And he alone thus poorely in the Wood:
To him I ſtept, deſiring him to ſhowe
The cauſe of his calamitie and woe.
Nights-Bird (quoth he) what mak'ſt thou in this place
To view my wretched miſerable caſe?
Ill Orators are aged men at Armes,
That wont to wreake and not bewayle their harmes:
And repetition where there wants reliefe,
In leſs'ning ſorrow, but redoubleth greefe.
Seauen ſundrie Battails ſeru'd I in the feeld,
Againſt the *Pigmies*, in whoſe battered ſheeld,
My prowes ſtands apparantly expreſt;
Beſides theſe ſcarres vpon my manly breaſt,
Along the Mid-land coaſts my troupes I led,
And *Affrickes* pride with feare aſtoniſhed;
And maym'd I was of this decrepit wing,
When as the fowle from the Proponticke ſpring,
Fild all Th'Egean with their ſtemming ores,
And made the Iles euen tremble from the ſhores.
I ſaw when from the *Adriaticke* ſeas;
The croſſe-adoring Fowles to *Europs* praiſe,
Before *Lepanto* and *Moræa* fought, (wrought
Where heauen by winde, earths wonder ſtrangely
Weary at length and truſting to my worth,
I tooke my flight into the happie North:

The Sea frō Helleſpont to Boſphorus Thracius.

Where nobly bred as I was well ally'd,
I hop'd to haue my fortune there ſupply'd,
But there arryu'd, diſgrace was all my gayne,
Experience ſcorn'd of euery ſcuruye ſwayne.
Other had got for which I long did ſerue.
Still fed with wordes whil'ſt I with wants did ſterue.
Hauing ſmall meanes but yet a mighty hart,
How ere in fame, not honor'd for deſart,
That ſmall I had, I forced was to gage,
To cure my wounds and to ſuſtaine mine age;
Whil'ſt thoſe that ſcarce did ere beholde a foe,
Exult and triumph in my ouer-throwe.
And ſeeing in vayne with miſerie I ſtroue,
Retyr'd me to this ſolitarie Groue;
Where in diſpayre (euen loathing of my breath)
I long to dwell in the colde armes of death.
Heere ſanke downe in a ſound and could no more,
And I returne from whence I came before.
Where by the way the countrie *Rooke* deplor'd,
The grip and hunger of this rauenous Lord.
The cruell *Caſtrell* which with deuiliſh clawes,
Scratcheth out of the miſerable iawes
Of the poore tennant, to his ruyne bent,
Rayſing new Fynes, redoubling auncient rent;
By ſtrong incloſure of olde Common land,
Rackes the deare ſweate from his laborious hand,

Whil'ſt

Whil'ſt he that digs for breath out of the ſtones,
Cracks his ſtiffe Sinewes and conſumes his bones;
Yet forc'd to reape continually with ſtriſe,
Snarling contention feeding on his life.
Yet hoping Fortune bettered by his heyrs,
He hath their loue, his hate made onely theirs;
Laboring to keepe him in his quiet ſtate,
When enuie doth his gathered Manors threat:
And being fauored of ſome higher Peere,
Who not for Loue, inforcing by his feare,
Which by their Clowniſh induſtrie and art,
Now to the Court reduce him from the Cart,
With ſlight prouiſion that defrayes his charge,
Whil'ſt with his graine he ballaſt manie a Barge;
And ſo his gripple Auarice he ſerue,
What recks this rancke-hinde if his Countrie ſterue?
„ Hell on that wealth is purchaſed with ſhame,
Gold in the Trunck, and in the graue defame:
Yet his clawes blunt and when he can no more,
The needie *Rooke* is turn'd out of the doore.
And laſtly doth his wretchednes bewayle,
A bond-ſlaue to the miſerable Iayle.
Thus wearied with the ſight of worldly crimes,
The wane of kingdomes, and the change of times;
Betooke my ſelfe by ſearching to eſpye,
What ſinnes in ſecrete did in Cities lye:

For

For there I deem'd where law had chiefeſt force,
Strongly to limmit euery lewder courſe,
Things turn'd to nature and diſdain'd exceſſe,
That plaguy foe to humaine happines.
And as I went (with buſie ſearch about)
Caſting by cunning how to finde them out,
I found the *Feſant* that the *Hauke* doth feare,
Seeking for ſafetie bred his Arye there:
Yet is accuſ'd thuough cloſe informing hate,
By lawles lending to offend the ſtate.
Who being Rich, and louing coyne and eaſe,
Still buyldeth low for feare he ſhould diſpleaſe,
Yet the Bald-*Buzzard* beeing appoynted Iudge,
To this baſe, muddy, miſerable drudge:
A payre of young ones taking from his neſt,
And leaues this fearefull Recreant the reſt,
Who giues him thankes his goodnes would ſo doe,
Might take the Arye and the old one too.
He liued beſt that moſt liu'd out of ſight:
I dare not ſay that Birds were all vpright;
For ſome had golden Beaks but brazen clawes,
That held the guildes to miniſter their lawes:
The *Caſtrell* for poſſeſsion of his heyre,
Is by the *Ringtayle* offered woundrous faire,
To haue a match betwixt their goodly breed,
T'increaſe their lands, and raiſe their happie ſeed.

But

But the coye *Caſtrell* turnes it to a mocke,
And ſcornes to match in his ignoble ſtocke;
For which the *Ring-tayle* by a ſecret plot,
Subbornes the *Starling*, which hath cloſely got,
To be the Broker, ſlylie to ſeduce
The *Caſtrels* Heyre, by giuing thriftleſſe vſe.
And in ſtrong Statutes to enthrall him ſo,
To lyme him ſure which way ſo ere he goe.
For this young Foule (drawne from his fathers eye)
Will with the fond world ſwimme in vanitye.
The ſubtil *Ring-tayle* neuer thus doth leaue,
Till he the *Caſtrel* cunningly deceiue.
And caught this young one in the Cities ſnare,
Deuoures his Mannors ere he be aware.
Mongſt which the *Dawe* (by giuing of a bribe)
Became a Clerke amongſt the learned Tribe;
That being a Bankerout, a diſ-honeſt detter;
Can get his liuing onely by the letter,
Whil'ſt Arts goe beg, and in a ſeruile weed,
Are made the ſlaues of penurie and need.
The *Gooſe* exyled, humbly doth appeale
To all the Birds, profeſsing faith and zeale.
And though he proueth by the Roman book, Plutarke.
What care to keep the Capitall he took;
Yet is not heard: The *Doue* with-out a gall Columba ſine felle.
Is left forſaken, and contemn'd of all.

There growes ſuch difference and ſuch ſtrange con-
Twixt old decrees, and latter Inſtitutions: (fuſions,
Yet being inſpyr'd, deſiſteth not to ſpeake,
To edifie the conſcience that is weake;
And by approoued arguments of's owne,
By Scriptures, Fathers, and great writers knowne,
Diſcouereth their abhominable trade;
So that the *Storke* their vmpyre being made,
Iudgeth the *Dawe* ſhould from the Church be driuen,
To prate in corners, and to Preach by Euen.
And ſince his art and cunning was ſo ſcant,
To haue no patron but the Ignorant;
And by his doctrine onely teaching fools,
To be exilde and hiſs'd out of the Schools.
Hence like the ſeede *Thebes*-buylder *Cadmus* throwes,
More armed miſchiefes ſuddainly aroſe:
The *Bittor* brings his action 'gainſt the *Quayle*,
And on th'areſt allowes him hardly bayle;
Becauſe he durſt preſume amongſt the Reeds,
To let his Lemmon where his female breeds.
And Miſtris *Titmouſe* a neate merrie dame,
With her friend *VVagtaile*, one of ſpeciall name;
Su'de by the *Cucco* in his proper wronge,
For accuſation of a ſclanderous tongue.
That to the barre his Aduocate doth bring,
That hath by rote the acts of manie a King.

The

The Lawes, the Statutes, and decrees aſsignde,
Cuſtomes ſo old, as almoſt out of minde.
A day of hearing good my Lord cries hee,
For Maſter *Cueco* that retaineth me;
Whom the lewd *VVagtayle* baſely hath abuſ'd,
In ſo vyle tearmes as cannot be excuſ'd:
The parties likewiſe preſent here in Courte,
And tis a caſe that well deſerues reporte:
For which a Iury ſummoned with ſpeed,
And to the tryall preſently proceed.
The Braine-bald *Coote* a formall witleſſe Aſſe,
Muſt now the fore-man on this matter paſſe:
The Sottiſh *Dotterill*, ignorant and dull;
And next to him the Mawe-cram'd gluttonous *Gull*,
The Lecherous *Mallard* cal'd vnto the booke,
The ſquealing *Lapwing*, the rediculous *Rooke*,
The witles *VVoodcocke*, and his neighbour *Snite*,
That will be hyr'd to paſſe on euery rite,
With all the reſt empanyled to wayte:
Which when the Iurie fullie was compleyte,
Cald to the Barre, admitted and alow'd:
Vp ſtart the *Pecocke* inſolent and prowd;
Of goodly ſtature and of gratious porte,
In preſence of the honorable court.
Thus for the Playntiffe learnedly began,
My Lord (ſaith he) was neuer worthy man,

So nobly bred and of ſo high deſcent,
Of ſo faire liuely-hood, and ſo large a rent
As is the *Cucco*, when our plea ſhall trye,
His loſſe ſuſtained by their infamye.
Firſt for the worth and honor of his name,
You may the better cenſure his deſame;
From mightie Birds deſcended euery way,
And by his birth (the meſſenger to May)
His houſe ſtill loyall, and his Coate as faire,
His fathers tunes he neuer did impaire.
His name and nature doe ſo well agree,
As ſhowes his blood repurifyed to bee.
In frutefull *Sparta*, it is ſince now long,
That famous *Greece* tooke notice of his wrong,
When for her wanton and vnchaſte deſire,
A thouſand ſhips ſtuf'd with reuengefull fire,
To *Tenedos* the proud *AEgean* lades,
Whence ſprang thoſe high immortall Illiades.
And ſince the *Roman* from the *Aſian* broyles,
Return'd with conqueſt and victorious ſpoyles.
The *Cuci* heere continually haue beene,
As by their auncient Euidence is ſeene.
Liuius. Of Conſull Cuccus, from whoſe mightie name,
Theſe liuing Cuccos lineally came.
To him, the Auncients, Temples did erect,
Which with great pompe and ornament were deckt.

The

Th'*Italians* call him *Becco* (of a nod)
With all the reuerence that belongs a god.
What though in loue ſuppoſed to be vs'd,
What is his vertue need not be excus'd?
The wiſe man telles (if nature be our guide)
In following her, we ſildome ſlip aſide.
And in this Bird (who can her power deny)
If nature fram'd him to communitye?
Then wiſely thus conſidering his profeſsion,
You reuerend Iudges of this lawfull Seſsion:
As you are patrones of the righteous cauſe,
Vouchſafe my clyent iudgement. Heere doth pauſe.
Scarce could the *Peacocke* his concluſion make,
When ſtraight his turne the *Turkie-cock* doth take
A learned Lawyer (worthy of his gowne)
Of reputation both in Court and towne.
And to the Bench for audience hauing cry'd,
Thus to the *Peacock* learnedly reply'd.
Graue reuerend fathers of the Law (he ſaid)
The matter that our aduerſaries plead
Is vaine and idle, we the poynt inforce
Againſt the *Cucco* and his lawles courſe.
The *Peacock* here a cunning ſpeech hath made,
To help his clyent and vpholde his trade;
But ſtrip this maske that doth conceale the cauſe,
Examine each perticuler and clauſe

Gainſt prooſe ſo poore, ſo indigent of truth,
The Baſtard *Cucco* bringing from his youth,
Firſt lay'd and hatch'd vp in a nothers neſt:
Such vilenes rayn'd in his baſe parents breaſt,
Who ſince that time they neuer ſought for ſhame,
Nor but their vice dare for his birth-right claime:
Plinie. The *Hedge-ſparrow*, (this wicked Bird that bred)
That him ſo long and diligently fed,
(By her kinde tendance) getting ſtrength and power,
His carefull Nurſe doth cruelly deuower:
Baſe as his byrth ſo baſer is his trade,
And to the world a bye-word now is made:
No Nation names the *Cucco* but in ſcorne,
And no man heres him, but he feares the horne:
No month regards him but laſciuious Maye,
Wherein whil'ſt youth is dallying with the daye;
His ſong ſtill tends to vanitie and luſt:
Amorous deceits; poligamies injuſt.
But to cut off theſe tedious allegations,
The Lawe commands theſe publicke defamations,
Be ſtraightly puniſh'd in the Nobleſt men.
Why ſhould you ſpare the curſed *Cucco* then?
Who all his life to lewdnes being bent,
Rightly deſerues the publick'ſt puniſhment.
Then gentle Iurors, good men, and elect,
As you your ſafeties carefully reſpect,

If

If loues ſweet Muſick and his blisfull cheere,
E're touch'd your harts or mollify'd your eare;
Tender the caſe, and euer more the wed
Shall praiſe your Conſcience both at borde and bed.
Thus ſaid, he ceaſ'd, the Iurors ſtep't aſide,
Wiſely conſulting, warely they tryde
The circumſtance of euery ſecret ſin;
Thus they return'd and brought their verdict in,
Caſt is the *Cucco* guiltie of the deede,
And for a fine, for his deſerued meed,
Alowes to Miſtres *Titmouſe* for her charge,
That ſhe ſhall after haue her tayle at large:
And when ſhe Reuells as ſhe did before,
T'exclude the *Cucco* freely out of dore:
And ſuch offendors as they could preſent,
Likewiſe adiudg'd deſerued puniſhment.
The *Ringdoue* plagu'd with Maggots in the Mawe,
The *Woodcocke* gets the ſwelling of the crawe,
The *Crowe* with dropſie (whil'ſt yet liuing) rotts,
The *Quayle* a Leaper fild with lothſome ſpotts.
The *Buzzard* of the Letergie is ſicke,
The *Kyte* with Feuors falleth Lunaticke,
The Epilepſy grew vpon the *Iaye*,
And of a ſweat the *Bunting* drops away:
When now the *Owle* that with a vigelent eye,
All theſe demenſions perfectly could trye:

Fore-

Fore-ſawe the perrill threatned vnto all,
Apt by their looſe credulitie to fall,
And whoſe preuention if they did fore-ſlowe,
Their vtter ſpoyle immediately ſhould grow.
My friends(quoth he)looke warily about,
Many the daungers which you are to doubt;
This gallant Oke wherein ſo oft you play,
Perhaps (at length) your ſafetie may betray.
And though his ſhade be delicate and ſweet,
His truncke beares lyme that may intrap your feet.
If, fearing what is requiſite and fitt,
You like my judgement and allowe my wit;
Yours is the good,but if you fondly deeme,
Things be within, as outwardly they ſeeme;
Head-long runne on,and fall into the ſnare,
And ſay a freind once warn'd you to beware.
Thus ſpake the *Owle*,whoſe talke could not be heard,
„ So little, fooles good counſell doth regard,
But thinking frenſy him his witts beguylde,
The honeſt Bird deſpightfully reuilde.
But marke their end who ſet aduice at nought,
„ Fooles ſtill too deare haue found experience bought;
The Husband-man ſurueying of his ground,
Mong ſt all the trees this Oke had quickly found:
And by all ſignes and likely-hood of trade,
The Birds therein there nightly roofting made.

And

And by the lyme that iſſued from the tree,
They all entangled eaſily might bee.
Taking the ſame, he ſpreads it on the ſprayes,
And through the thicket cloſely creepes his wayes.
When the ſad arndern ſhutting in the light,
Wan-ſighted *Cynthia* (Lady of the night)
Proudly aſcending the ætherial ſtate,
Whence the bright *Phœbus* but diſmounted late,
The dull-ey'd euening his moyſt vapours threwe,
Strewing the ſtill earth with ſweet ſhowers of deawe,
When euery Bird repleniſhed with food,
Clapping his ſtretch'd wings liuely from the wood,
And on each ſmall branch of this large-lymb'd Oke
Their prettie lodgings careleſly they tooke,
No ill ſuſpecting, fondly vnawares,
Quickly entangled in the Fowlers ſnares.
Whoſe mournfull chirping and their chattering cryes,
Incites the *Owle* before his hower to ryſe.
And hearing from his melancholy ſeate,
The Birds them-ſelues thus wofully to beate,
(The deed diſcouered with the mornings light)
Flewe from his pearch: though greeued at the ſight,
Yet with a ſmile; his wiſdome that became,
Which mok'd their folly, though bemoan'd their ſhame,
Quoth he, you fooliſh Burgers of the field,
That in contempt my counſailes lewdly held

That, where at late you did but laugh and jeere,
Now to your ruyne plainly doth appeere
The greateſt thing you lightly are to loſe,
Onely your plumes that fortune can diſpoſe.
„ Tis yet a comfort in the depth of ſmart;
„ Enuye but ſeazeth on the outward part.
„ But preſent perill in a thing of price,
„ Rather craues action then doth ſtay aduice.
Therefore to help you will my power aſſay:
Where-with his wing doth preſently diſplay,
And with his clawes, the birds of euery kinde
Pluckes from the lyme, that left their plumes behinde.
The little *Robin* featherles and free,
Regreets the *Owle* with many a cap and knee.
The warbling *Mauis* mirth-ful Peans ſung,
The *Nightingale* with her melodious tongue
Gaue him ſuch muſicke (to declare their thanks)
That ſpringes and riuers dance aboue their banks;
That (with the repurcuſsion of the Ayre)
Shooke the great *Eagle* ſitting in his Chayre:
Which from the mountaine (with a radient eye)
Brau'd the bright Creſsit of the glorious skye;
Mooning his princely majeſtie to ſee,
Whence this applauſe ſo ſodainly ſhould bee,
Whoſe ſinewed wings (in their reſiſtles courſe)
Beat the thinne Ayre, with ſuch a vyolent forſe,

That

That the light Birds drip't head-long from the skyes,
The rocks and forreſts trembling with the noyes,
Some-what amaz'd at this vn-uſuall ſight,
To ſee his people in this piteous plight:
His ſoueraigne eare doth preſently addreſſe,
Willing to heare the cauſe of their diſtreſſe,
To whom the poore *Owle* (his obedience done)
Thus to his Liedge Lord, reuerently begon.
Monarche of all that beat the ayre with wings,
Thou Bird of *Ioue*, beloued amongſt kings:
Here ſtands an Oke well tymbred, largely ſpred,
That many a day hath borne his curled head,
Aboue his fellowes dwelling farre and neare,
That in the Forreſt neuer found his peere;
Whoſe root well faſtned in the frutefull ground,
His barke ſo louely and his heart ſo ſound,
(Through his great wealth) grew inſolent and proud,
Becauſe the Birds that in his boughs did ſhrowd,
Vnto his praiſe continually did ſing,
And kept their vigils to th'enamored ſpring.
The virgin-huntreſſe ſworne to Dians Bowe,
Here in this ſhade her quarries did beſtow,
And for their Nimphals building amorous Bowers,
Oft dreſt this tree with Anadems of flowers;
And Flora choſe her Nurcery here to ſhield,
Her tender buds the Infants of the field.
By which, this tree grewe arrogant in time,

In his ranck ſap hath bred a loathſome ſlyme,
Whoſe nature and vyle qualitie is ſuch,
Strongly to holde what euer it doth tuch,
And not content to miniſter this meane,
Which in ſhort time might haue vndone vs cleane;
But euen his boughs the Birds haue honoured ſo,
Laſtly imploy'd vnto their generall woe,
That when thy ſubjects dreading no deceit,
Came to this Tree as to their ſafe retreit
Falſely betrai'd, and he that ſped the beſt,
Hardly eſcap'd, with feathers at the leaſt.
Thoſe that I could as I had power and might,
Though with much paine, yet laſtly did acquight.
The reſt, whoſe freedome doth exceed my reach,
O King of Birds I humbly thee beſeech
In mercy, let thy mightines puruay,
To ranſome from this eminent decay.
When now the *Eagle* cutting off his tale,
And euen for ſorrowe wexing wan and pale;
At which ſad ſight, this poore implumed crew,
Stand faintly trembling in their Soueraigns view:
And hauing ſtretch'd his Lordly tallant forth,
To ſhow th'acceptance of this deed of worth;
You ſillye Birds, you wretched Foules (quoth he)
Hence-forth let this a freindly warning be.
Had you (as nature and our lawes admit)
Built where your noble Aunceſtors did ſit,

Wiſely

Wiſely prouiding to maintaine their ſtate,
Whoſe names and freedomes you participate,
You had not thus bene ſpoyled of your goods,
For ſubtiltie now dwelleth in the woods.
For if too high and haughtily you ſoare,
Thoſe ſee your falles that houer neere the ſhoare.
If in the Cedar you your neſts diſpoſe,
The dreadfull lightning euer threatneth thoſe.
If in the lowe earth(in the flattering ſhade)
The Foulers ſnares there ſecretly are laide.
Then my deere ſubjects,as you wiſh my good,
Or haue reſpect to your ſucceeding brood,
Let your wiſe fathers an example giue,
And by their rules learne thriftily to liue.
Let theſe weake Birds, that want wher-with to fight,
Submit to thoſe that are of grip and might.
Let thoſe of power,the weaker ſtill protect,
So none ſhall need his ſafetie to ſuſpect;
Suppreſsing thoſe enormities that are,
Whoſe cure belongs vnto our Soueraigne care.
For when wealth growes into a fewe mens hands,
And to the great,the poore in many bands;
The pride in Court doth make the Countrie leane,
The abject rich holdes auncient honor meane.
Mens wits employ'd to baſe and ſeruyle ſhifts,
And Lay-men taught,by learn'd mens ſubtill drifts;
Ill with this ſtate 't muſt incidently fare.

For euen as from th'infection of the ayre,
Sundry contagious ſickneſſes proceed,
Theſe miſchiefes more continually do breed.
Shun beaſtly luſt (you young well feathered Foule)
That wounds the body, and confounds the ſoule.
That as the ſubtil'ſt of the Syrens brood,
Bindes all the ſpirits and ouer-comes the blood;
Darkning the purenes of the inward light,
Weakneth the ſenſe and murd'reth reaſon quite.
And you that ſit as Iudges of the Lawe,
Let not vyle gaine your equall Ballance drawe.
O! ſtill retaine the *Ethiopians* guiſe,
(As iuſt and vpright, as ſelect and wiſe)
That in their iudgements (ſacred and profound)
Diſpos'd them euer meekely on the ground;
To ſhowe, the Angels (ſitting ouer head)
Them were to judge, as they had cenſured.
Thus ſpake the *Eagle*; when with muttering noyſe
The reſt attentiue to his power-full voyce;
Giuing a ſignall of their admiration,
The *Owle* this while in ſerious contemplation
Softly replyes: O mightie ſoueraigne!
With all the Synod of thy winged traine,
Th'aboundant ioyes that in my hart do throng,
Require more organs then the onely tongue.
O bleſſed Birds! how ſweet is your ſubjection
Vnder the ſafe and abſolute protection?

Of

Of ſo exact and excellent a King,
So ſole and perfect in his gouerning:
The reaſon this (my graue ſelected Peeres)
Becauſe tis knowne that in theſe latter yeeres,
The peaceſull ſtate prepoſt'rouſly diſturb'd,
By ſuch whoſe power the great haue hardly curb'd.
The iocond *Throſtle* for his varying note,
Clad by the *Eagle* in a ſpeckled coate;
Becauſe his voyce had judgement for the Palme,
Suppos'd him ſelfe ſole patrone of our calme.
All ſay, for ſinging he had neuer peere:
But there were ſome that did his vertue feare.
Why ſhould'ſt thou then ambitiouſly diſpiſe
The manly *Falcon*? on whoſe courage lyes
The Kingdomes ſafetie, which abroad doth rome,
By forraigne warres to keepe vs ſafe at home.
I knowe, the ſtraine of an alluring tongue
Can tye the full eare and detaine it long,
But other fortunes, and the altred place,
Craue new directions and an actiue grace.
The former vertue may conſiſt alone,
But better two (if firmly ioyn'd in one)
Experience once (by ſeruice in the warres)
Did quote his ſtrong Authoritys in ſcarres;
But in this latter time, it hath beene ſaid,
The tongue doth all contemning th'others aid.
Virtue whoſe chiefe praiſe in the act doth ſtand,

Could

Could wiſh the tongue ſtill coupled with the hand.
But in the *Cocke* which death vntimely wrack't,
In him was both the elegance and act.
O when that Bird was rauiſh'd from our ſight,
(Intombing him)the world intomb'd delight.
Let neuer accent paſſe my mournfull pen,
That leaues his fame vnregiſtred to men.
The Muſes vayled with ſad Cypres tree;
Vpon his graue,ſhall powre their teares with mee.
O! if the world can weep ſo many teares
As his loſſe craues,or if in Heauen appeares
More plentious ſorow; let them both agree
T'lament that hower that reft the earth of thee.
O! thought I not ſome ſpirit could giue thee more
Then this ſmall portion of my ſcantled ſtore!
I would not leaue (I firſt would leaue to liue)
To giue thee fame: O who can greater giue?
This ſaid: ſunk downe,as growing faint with ſpeaking
Sighing withall,as though his hart were breaking.
The Princely *Eagle* pittying of his plight,
To cheere the poore *Owle* doing all he might.
The Birds applauding with a free conſent
Followed the *Eagle*(with deuout intent)
To the great mountaine,to haue all amended:
Thus I awak'd,and heere my Dreame was ended.

FINIS.